

K. Epistle

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AN

EPISTLE

WITH SOME

ODES

ON

LOVE, VIRTUE,

AND
Other SUBJECTS.



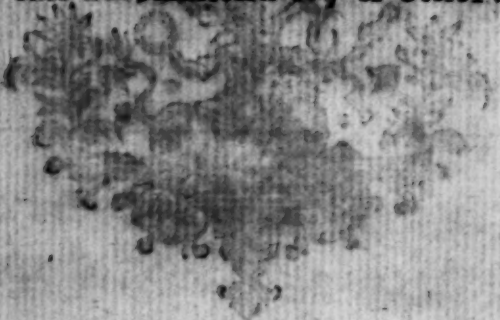
L O N D O N:

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(Price One Shilling.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Pieces were formerly written, by way of Amusement, under Sickness, or Diversion from Business: If they prove of any service to others, in the like Circumstances, the end of their publication is sufficiently answer'd.----As to what imitations there are, had there been more, this Collection would have been better: If it is bad, no Name can recommend it; if otherwise, it will not need one.



(The One Shilling)



A N

E P I S T L E.

CLOE, I can, with half an eye,
 What 'tis that you admire, descry.
 To Wedlock 'fore this mighty haste,
 I thought thee once a Girl of Taste;
 And that a genteel mein and air,
 Only could captivate the fair:
 But now I see a golden dart
 Has shot poor *Cloe* thro' the heart.
 Like *Danae's*, a golden shower
 Does all poor *Cloe's* soul o'erpower.
 Else it were strange, I must confess,
 " That you should *Plutus* so caress.

At

At length has *Cupid* fix'd your feat

And jointure on a Squire's estate?

" Perhaps you'll own he's coarse and old ;

" But see there's beauty in his gold."

And can an ugly tinsel'd toy

All charming *Cloe's* thoughts employ ?

If so for Monkeys was your passion,

You might have had one in the fashion :

But you, to set you off inclin'd

Have chose the rarest of his kind.

So Limners, when they draw a face,

Set a Black's head to give a grace.

Thee, *Cloe* ! how I could deplore,

Among the living soon no more ;

Thy glorious race, it seems, is run,

A cloud o'ertakes thy setting sun :

O let me pity first thy fate,

Join'd to an object thou must hate !

Is it for this thy sparkling eyes,

For lustre with the brilliant vies ?

And

And art and nature thus combine
 To make thy image all divine?
 Thy heavenly beauty prostrate lies
 To ugliness a sacrifice.
 The fairest of the stars of light
 Sinks in th' obscuring shades of Night.
 True, the best ointments draw the flies,
 The ugliest worms the sun may raise;
 Of vapours too a cumb'rous weight,
 With fogs to intercept our sight;
 At first tho' clear, and then o'ercast,
 Eclips'd awhile, 't may shine at last:
 So may'st thou imitate in turn,
 The rising, and the setting Sun.
 In th' *East* at first thy sun arose,
 Its warmth, lo! ev'ry creature knows,
 At the meridian did appear
 The brightest of our Hemisphere:
 Like that thou settest in the *West*,
 Thy light with noxious clouds oppress.

If thou as soon can'st leave thy bed,
 From nether regions lift thy head;
 As freely visit th' eastern plain,
 And be, what thou wast once, again;
 As soon dispel thy heavy load,
 And glad again thy lov'd abode;
 To all superior thou wilt rise
 The brightest *Venus* in our Skies.

For Thee each eye distills a tear,
 And ev'ry bosom heaves with fear:
 Hasten once more to bleis our sight;
 Till then, thou Setting Nymph, good Night.

From this the Maid whom I respect
 May all the powers of Heav'n protect.
 Ne'er let any imprudent friends
 Dispose her for mean-selfish ends;
 But may they, e'er it be too late,
 For her's provide from *Cloe's* Fate.

Where

An EPISTLE.

7

Where some have err'd, observe with care,
Of others failings to beware,
Learn on *Cleora* * to reflect
What miseries, such must expect,
As from ideal novels guess
Of life, and real happiness.
And let *Anne Bullen's* life declare
The daily dying of such fair;
Themselves and others how they cheat,
Who think they're Happy, that are Great.
Never may pleasure's false alarms
Presume to approach her tender charms,
Nor in the bud frosts nipping dare
Destroy the flower of the year:
Nor calumny, nor time, nor rust,
Trample her honour in the dust.
As all things happen to decay,
Her beauties as they fade away,

Take,

* See Lord Lansdown's Poems.

Take, as you've hitherto been kind,
Confer 'em all upon her mind.
Who money or estates possess,
Shew fortune, but not happiness;
Titles and honours who inherit,
Not always dignity, and merit.
No graces she, but those of sense,
No honour, but of innocence;
In pious poverty tho' left,
Neither of worth, nor friends bereft.
If gay, no Coquet, grave, no Prude,
Ne'er so familiar to be leud.
Ambitious o'er herself to reign,
Covets to make each hour a gain.
Rich in the treasures of the mind
T'herself severe, to others kind,
Easy, yet strict; humble, not loose,
Charming, yet not of charms profuse:
Neat, not affected, free, not rude,
Descending never to delude.

But

But may the words flow from her tongue,
As sweet as *Philomela* sung,
To worth, if any ungrateful prove,
To melt them into virtuous love.
Never may any delusive wile
Her unexperienc'd mind beguile.
Her conduct ever so direct,
As lustre on her to reflect,
In manners, as in honour, nice ;
Despising van'ties, shunning vice.
May nought obscene assail her ears,
As free from pains, as guilty fears:
Nor tempting thoughts approach that breast,
Nor anxious cares her peace molest.
Never let impotence, or age,
Her passions, or her heart engage:
Nor let her barter youth for wealth,
Or sacrifice, to weakness, health.
For sure in marriage 'tis a curse,
Soon as a wife, to be a nurse.

May prudence so direct her ways,
 That others failings make her wise:
 Ever retaining in her sight
 The universal rule of right:
 Studious of pleasing, none offend;
 No foe rejoice, nor grieve a friend;
 Passing the labyrinths of life
 As void of anguish, as of strife.
 Oft' as gay *Cloe's* 'fore her eyes,
 Teach her to see, thro' that disguise,
 A trembling vapour, lambent fire,
 Ready at ev'ry breath to expire.
 On what's more solid let her rise,
 The pring of evil wealth despise,
 And learn true liberty to prize.
 In high or low life think the same,
 That virtue is the truest fame,
 And pious poverty no shame.
 As time makes old, may't make her sage;
 Advance in virtue as in age:

And

An EPISTLE.

II

And when her ray of life is done,
Die as she lives, without a groan.
To her is due this token of our love,
The lover she may blame, but friend approve.



ODE I



ODE I.

To CLOE, falsely accus'd.

BEAUTY's a charm
Which can, at least,

'Tis said, disarm

A savage beast,

Rough from the mountains brought :

With what pretence

Could any dare,

But want of sense,

Accuse the fair,

And vent so rash a thought ?

By

By her darting eyes
 Or was I taught,
 To stigmatize
 Th' imagin'd fault;
 In still more faulty rhyme?
 I see her face
 Where's such good-nature,
 With such a grace
 In ev'ry feature,
 I gaze away her crime.





O D E II.

To CELIA.

SEE'ST thou the sun, whose gladfome ray
Revifits yonder bowers ;
Whofe chearful light brings on the day,
Whofe genial heat the flowers ?

But if its influence is deny'd,
All nature fympathizes ;
Wither'd is all the rural pride,
If that's reftor'd, this rifes.

Send forth your beams, all fo benign,
No more your light deny ;
Like them we live, if you but fhine ;
But if you frown, we die.

Your

ODE II.

15

Your presence has that charming grace,

Such joy to all you bring,

A paradise is ev'ry place,

Each season is a spring.



ODE III.

Your presence has that charming grace



A paradise is every place

O D E III.

The KIND EXPOSTULATION.

AND can you, *Celia*, leave your love,
 Abandon'd to despair;
 Can any so ungen'rous prove,
 By nature form'd so fair?

And why those ^{many} tender features,
 But to bespeak you kind?
 Why you, the finest of all creatures,
 Unless to charm mankind?

Was not that face, which shines so bright,
 T^o attract us to your arms?
 Or wer'n't those eyes, which give such light,
 To guide us to your charms?

How

ODE III.

17

How shoot those eyes so many darts,

And you those eyes bely?

How can you gain so many hearts,

Yet leave those hearts to sigh?

How can you then your lovers fire,

And yet that flame reprove?

Oh! blame yourself, who raise desire,

And not that we're in love.



E

ODE IV.



ODE IV.

To CELIA, coy.

CELIA, O why those sparkling eyes,
Which cast so many darts!

Is it to make us all your prize,
And rob us of our hearts?

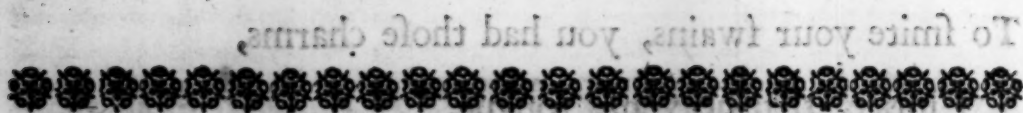
Is that sound mind, that charming voice,
Poor captives to insnare;
And not to make a youth your choice,
Nor yet your heart declare?

Still must your words, taught to beguile,
Your speaking eyes deny?
Still must you wound, whene'er you smile,
And we of that wound die?

To

To smite your swains, you had those charms,
 T'intice, that heavenly tongue,
 Only your love into your arms,
 To cure the breast they stung.





ODE V.

To CELIA.

ENOUGH I've felt of beauty's pow'r,
 'Tis time you should release me ;
 Torment me less, or love me more,
 In either way you'll please me.

Nor think affection will be less,
 With me, if you but share it ;
 The sun diffus'd, the more will bless,
 The better we can bear it.

If 'tis eclips'd, we're in despair,
 Collected all, it burns ;
 Your's not to kill is, but to cheer ;
 Then smile, and bless by turns.

ODE VI.



O D E VI.

The L O V E R.

HOW happy the states,
Of those who're in love;
Who mind not the fates,
Nor great ones above :
However they fare,
Have little to care,
So the ladies their Flame but approve.

When *Celia's* in thought,
Or dwells on my tongue,
Inspir'd is my note,
My lyre it is strung ;
In each thought she glows,
In ev'ry line flows,
Melodiously tuning my song.

F

If

If love be a crime,
'Tis what nature taught ;
The sage's is mine,
Who'd not be in fault ?
From loving of thee
I'll never be free,
Such flav'ry hath liberty brought.

What need I then care :
How 'tis the world goes ;
He hath nothing to fear,
Who has nothing to lose :
He cannot be poor,
Who desires no more ;
With her I've the World at dispose.



O D E VII.

Old HERMIPPUS.

OLD tho' I seem, unfit for love,
 Its pleasures I remember ;
 The heats within my bosom move,
 Like sun-shine in *December*.

The winter but augments desire,
 The moon is *Hymen's* Torch ;
 The cooling zephyrs fan the fire ;
 The sun may warm, won't scorch.

The summer too much rarefies ;
 It burns, it makes us fear ;
 The joy which not in winter flies,
 May last another year.

An

An early passion's soon forgot,
Unlike what manhood brings;
Fruit premature will soonest rot;
The forward are bad springs.

Whilst youthful passions, all decay,
Soon as enjoy'd are lost;
With me each season is a *May*,
But sharpen'd by the frost.





O D E VIII.

On CONTENTMENT.

YE powers above but a competence grant,
 And a soul to enjoy that estate;
 'Tis all I desire, for no more I can want,
 And the rest let them have, whom I hate.

Let others look big, talk as great as they please,
 And for me they may smile, or may frown;
 For me let 'em hurry, for them I'm at ease,
 For their greatness so mean, I'll not own.

To play the fool, great ones may privilege boast,
 And to go when, or where humour draws;
 By reason true liberty's limited most,
 Nought but folly's exempt from the laws.

If in liberty rich, tho' as to wealth poor,

Yet with peace, and good nature I dwell;

Who says that the greatest of monarchs has more?

I possess what does money excel.

What need I then care, who is rich, or who's poor,

Or be griping for what will soon rust;

Amongst all your misers, the contest's no more,

Than who soonest is buried in dust.

My horse with myself the same liquor imbibes,

And I feed, and I dress with my sheep;

I envy nor th' *East*, nor *West-India* tribes,

Their stock they may, so I can mine keep.

The farmer may toil, as the citizen plays,

With much age, and more industry worn;

His trees will give rest to the crows, to the jays,

And the sparrows take tithe of his corn.

ODE VIII.

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If the poor are so happy ; contented, so wise ;

Who for greatness would have such an itch ?

Who'd not have the sense such great fools to despise,

Who've that meanness to aim to be rich ?

Tho' my fortune mayn't seem exact to my mind,

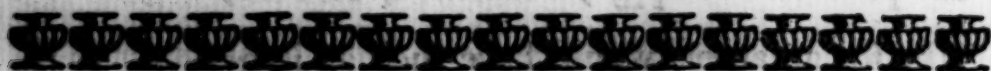
Yet my mind to my fortune I'll bring ;

Who a soul hath, with mine, so nobly inclin'd,

Hath a fortune as great as a king.



ODE IX.



O D E IX.

On V I R T U E.

I.

S A C R E D to virtue be my lyre ;

Virtue, all my thoughts inspire :

Away ye foolish trifling pleasures,

Let none such increase my measures,

The virtues are the only treasures.

}

II.

For virtue more of comfort brings,

Than all the pride and pomp of kings ;

Than all the pageantry of states,

Or whatsoe'er on greatness waits ;

Than what can low ambition raise,

Or statesmen covet, coxcombs praise.

Her

III.

Her pleasures innocently gay,
Never her votaries betray ;
Whilst vice tender bosoms haunts,
In appearances enchants,
With so many frauds, and wiles,
Unexperienc'd youth beguiles,
Wounds the deepest when the most it smiles.

IV.

Virtue's presence has the charm
Which can ev'ry vice disarm,
The plainer, the more strikes ;
Vice so delusively engages,
In its dire effects so rages,
None sees, who not dislikes.

V.

Virtue's pleasures ever stay,
Breathing odours fresh as May.

Blooming flowers,
 Rosy bowers,
 With all the tempting charms, and powers
 Of harmony and love;
 With all that's delicate and fair,
 To please the eye, to sooth the ear;
 With the greatest seeming joy,
 That can sensualists employ;
 With virtue can't compare,
 Like virtue cannot move.

VI.

Let others wander, still pursuing
 What, if got, may prove their ruin,
 Oft complaining,
 Nothing gaining
 But gnawing cares,
 Distracting fears,
 With mutual jealousies, and strife :
 These, these the comforts of high life !

O rather

ODE IX.

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VII.

O rather give me, Gods! content,
With whate'er blessings you have sent ;
A soul to enjoy what you bestow,
A mind myself, as you to know :
Instead of poverty or wealth,
Indulge me th' heavenly favour, health.
But should you any more refuse,
Instruct me what I have to use.
Should you resume what you have lent
Let me not murmur, if well spent,
Such pleasures I shall never lose,
Of such I can't repent.

F I N I S.

ODE IX.

VII.

O rather give me, Goll! content,
 With what blessings you have sent;
 A soul to enjoy what you bestow;
 A mind myself, as you to know;
 Instead of poverty or wealth,
 Instead of the heavenly favour, health.
 But should you any more refuse,
 Instruct me what I have to use.
 Should you refuse, since you have sent,
 Let me not murmur, We'll be sent.
 Such goodness I shall never lose,
 Of such I can't be less.

F I N I S